



CHANGING TIMES

August 1974

PHRED,
WHAT HAPPENED TO
THIS MONTH'S COVER?
Bob

Bob:

I thought you said you
were going to do it !!!

Phred

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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TIMES

"HELPING TIME SERVE THE INMATE"

Written, edited and produced by inmates, CHANGING TIMES is intended to act as a medium to bring about a better and lasting understanding among inmates - at the same time being an instrument of communication with the residents of the outside world.

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J.D. Clark
Director

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M.R. Clarke
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Inmate Editor

Bob



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"Pale anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the warder is despair;
And everything that is good in man,
Wastes and withers there."

Thus spoke Oscar Wilde about the prisons of his day. Although prisons have been drastically changed since then, there is much in the quotation that is true of modern penitentiaries. That which is applicable, however, has more bearing on the mental anguish than on the physical suffering endured in our penal institutions.

Since the inception of the "New Deal", great emphasis has been laid on providing escape valves for physical energy. Soft ball has become a "big" thing along with horseshoes, tennis and putt - putt golf. Boxing used to be the most enjoyed recreation but somewhere along the line it got shelved (Why?). Card games and TV provide relaxation for many. Yet these things, taken individually or collectively do little to improve conditions which are the very root of a conglomeration of frustrations, bitterness, hopelessness and misery of the most permanent part of our prison population, those men with long sentences, the long-timers.

The prisoner necessarily lives in two worlds, the prison world and the outside world. Normally he cannot ignore the outside world even if he chooses to do so because that is where his hopes of any happiness and of release from suffering are centered. It is his goal and very often his interest in it is his only justification for continuing the struggle of life at all. The greater his interest, the more his actions and behaviour patterns resemble those of the average person on the outside. This follows as the result of a desire not to acquire habits which will be unacceptable to people he hopes to live with someday. For example, he tries to avoid excessive use of speech and mannerisms that will make him stand out like that proverbial sore thumb in the free world.

On the other hand, he cannot ignore the prison world entirely because that is where he lives. Whether he likes it or not, his interests, pursuits, hopes, morals, desires, sufferings and hatreds are so inevitably intertwined with those of others that he must recognize the fact. Each inmate is classified by officials and just as surely, but more often (and more nearly correct) is he classified by his fellow inmates. On this latter category largely is his prison-world status based.

Occasionally, an inmate withdraws his interests from the outside world and centers it entirely within the bounds of four walls. He then becomes, in prison parlance, "a stir bug". He has no interest in anything that has not to do with prison life. He feeds on idle rumors and tales of petty quarrels and silly bickering. To him, the prison is the world because his mind, or rather lack of it, has made it so.

But within the minds of the majority of inmates, there rages a continual conflict, caused by the gnawing desire to maintain an interest in and contact with the other part of their world - the outside. This desire is largely frustrated by communication - lack

of communication, that is. To frustration is added bitterness by reason of knowledge that some of these restrictions we now endure date back to a system that was purely punitive and was not expected or intended to be anything else. And so what begins as a perfectly normal desire often results in bitter hatred that cannot be considered normal by any stretch of the imagination.

Hence the inmate is forced to confine his interests more and more to the prison world, despite desires to the contrary. The longer he remains behind bars, the more acutely he suffers as a result of restrictions which, without reason, wrench from him his morsel of the cake of life. The only exception is when he relinquishes hope entirely and fetters his mind to the **stone and steel** of his prison world.

Yet, perhaps because "hope springs eternal in the human breast", many men cling to some slender hope that leads outside. So it is with nearly every long timer - even though, in some cases, the length of his sentence does not warrant his putting too much hope of ever being released. He still hopes, but the mental conflict which accompanies his burning desire to retain some small measure of the outside world rages from the day he enters prison until the day he is released or dies, whichever the case may be.

To salt a man away with any unreasonable sentence is to persecute him. To simply forget him is a further injustice in that you strangle any small shred of hope he may have. To restrict his visits to archaic facilities, further shrinks his world. And to tell him "Prisoners Are People" is to bewilder him completely.



I don't care what you have at K.P. on Sunday! When you're home on pass, you can eat what the rest of us eat!!!

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For any of you "square Johns" contemplating a life of crime, please take notice!

The following is a sample of the entrance examination you must pass before you can become an inmate of Kingston Penitentiary!

(With apologies to John S. Crosbie)

1. What did one stripteaser say to the other who had just lost her costume?
2. What does a bride think of as she walks into the church?
3. If you are unable to "make time" with a date, what should you do?
4. What's the difference between \$1,000.00 and \$10,000.00?
5. Nylon underwear and its associated static electricity has never been accepted by men. Why?
6. How did the Old Lady In The Shoe (of nursery rhyme fame) handle such a big family?
7. What did the drunk say when he staggered in to the funeral parlor by mistake?
8. What is another name for "hot pants"?
9. Noah took two of each animal onto the ark. At the end of his trip, some of them had multiplied. What did this make Noah?
10. What the best way to drive a baby buggy?
11. What did the purse snatcher use as an alibi when he got caught?
12. What would you call a man who strangled his Mother-in-law?
13. What is a cobra?
14. What would you call Lamb Chops, au gratin?
15. What do you do when you are looking for bargains?

(1) "Oh, Beth! Where is thy string! (2) Aisle Altar Hymn (3) Try a little ardor!
(4) A little fourth aught! (5) Who wants amps in their pants? (6) She knew which
side her brood should be battered on! (7) "Say, Mac., can you let me have a bier?
(8) Breeches of promise! (9) The first man to have bred his cast upon the waters!
(10) Tickle its feet! (11) I thought the change would do me good! (12) A practical
choker! (13) A brasserie for Siamese twins! (14) "Cheese it, the chops! (15) You
go where the action is*****

"BOARD CONSIDERS SOME CHANGES"

(Kingston Whig-Standard - July 19, 1974)

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The National Parole Board is at present discussing the possibility of "injecting the due process of the law" into the parole system, a board representative in Kingston said today.

C.A.M. Edwards, district representative for the board said the question of allowing inmates to appear before the board with legal counsel has been under consideration for some time.

Under the existing system inmates are not allowed legal counsel during a parole hearing.

Queen's University law Professor, Ronald Price, attacked, as "lawless", the system in an article appearing in the current issue of Canadian Journal of Criminology and Corrections.

"The parole board recently revived the practice of face-to-face interviews with inmates seeking parole," said Mr. Edwards. At those interviews the inmate is given reasons why parole either is granted or disallowed."

Recently 10 regional parole boards were set up in Canada.... with one of these boards based in Kingston.

About four years ago, the parole board introduced face-to-face interviews with inmates but had to discontinue the practice because it was a travelling board and there was not sufficient staff to handle the work load.

In his article Prof. Price says inmates applying for parole, or those whose parole has been revoked, now have little idea about criteria used by parole board members in deciding how their fate is decided.

Currently, the parole board can release an inmate on parole, revoke that parole and never be required by law to give the inmate any form of hearing.

Prof. Price says this power, through a lack of accountability or "reviewability" of the board's decisions, creates "systematic weaknesses" in attempts to understand or control board actions.

"The hostility of many penitentiary staff to the board is scarcely disguised. The frustration of the inmates is open - and the results in terms of increased tension in penitentiary institutions should hardly occasion surprise," said Prof. Price.

Professor Price said the board members cannot be faulted because they are operating under statute.

"So in the last analysis it is to the legislature that these issues must be addressed," he wrote.

COMMENT

It has always been a kick of inmates that the parole system was due for an overhaul. Quite often, such has been the case.

The preceding reprint evokes much positive thinking for anyone with a sincere effort to be of help to inmates - and I do not refer to the crusading, do-gooder type.

It is my opinion that our plan of mandatory parole definitely needs a second look, maybe even a third and fourth. Obviously it is not a shred of the success it was slated to be - our jails are still packed.

A man is, at the present time, appealing his mandatory revocation on "unwarranted grounds".

It will be enlightening to see how this case turns out, but I will not bet my remission on the outcome!

Bob

"TOLERANCE and UNDERSTANDING"

We do not know all the answers to the many questions about all human life and destiny...we do not realize that there still is a long way to go and very much to learn. Those of us who are trying hard to think in the right way and to eliminate prejudice from our lives are likely to be impatient with those who lag behind. Being tolerant means that we should not expect too much of other people. Our point of view will not always appear reasonable to others and we will save ourselves many disappointments if we do not demand that others see things from our point of view. Discretion in our thinking will lead us to discretion in our contact with people. An Eastern legend says: "In making geniuses, the fairies left out one essential gift - the know how of when to stop". So, while we adopt the tolerant way of life for our own sake, we stand in danger of losing all we might gain if we insist too strongly upon having others conform to it.

There are few gifts that one person can give to another as rich as understanding. Understanding is a disposition to recognize sympathetically the beliefs of others without necessarily embracing them. But armchair philosophy is not what the world needs. The valuable thing is not to know what virtue is, but to be virtuous. It is not necessary to know what bravery is, but to be brave - nor to give a dictionary meaning of tolerance, but to be tolerant.

This is all simple, practical, possible for everyone, and, attractive too. Removal of prejudice and the cultivation of tolerance means much in deciding the fate of humanity and the happiness of us individuals. They can bring beauty and happiness into our lives. Tolerance and understanding of our fellow man is a part of the philosophy suggested in the A.A. Steps, and when one truly analyses the great importance of tolerance, the findings will result in a finer perspective of ourselves and our fellow man. Then it is here that our simple, yet sincere, A.A. prayer will help to achieve this end:

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things
I cannot change, courage to change the things I can
and wisdom to know the difference."

BY THE WAY

I have recently had cause, and desire, to attend two or three A.A. meetings. This fact has brought about the wild rumour that I have been told that I have to join A.A. in order to be considered for parole!

Like hell! I have not joined A.A.. I have no ideas of joining A.A. and if the day ever comes that I am told that I HAVE TO JOIN A.A. or any other group, that will be the day I will really rebel!

Bob

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"SOMEBODY'S JOHNNY!"

It wasn't your Johnny! Your Johnny wouldn't do such a thing! Your Johnny was safe at home, growing up under the watchful eye of you and your spouse...., growing into a fine, sturdy, up-and-coming specimen of young Canadian manhood!

BUT - it was somebody's Johnny!!!!

When somebody else's Johnny found the thrill of the street corner gang a little too hard to resist, and slipped out from under the not so watchful eye of his mother and dad (she was too busy with her status-seeking clubs to care, and dad hadn't had too much time anyway) well, it just meant that one more Johnny came marching into the growing lineup of young Canadian delinquents. Boys, for the most part, who never had a decent chance.... boys, who for one reason or another, muffed what little chance they did have....boys who, because of the laxity of parental leadership and the tensions of the up-paced living, slip into ways of life and anti-social attitudes that sooner, later, but always bring them into the arms of juvenile court.

You don't know them, perhaps. But, even so, you can't write them off as none of your concern. It's part of the price these lads are paying.... it's part of the price that all of Canada is paying (and that means you, doesn't it?) for neglect and ignorance of the law.

The ignorance of the law has lots to answer for. The law, being of such an uninteresting and complicated nature that nobody finds out anything about it until he actually has to, and of such an inconsistent and vague nature that one can always find a law on his side if he looks long enough... It follows that ignorance of the law is so dense that the cost of dispelling it makes litigants do a double take!

If the laws were anything like they ought to be in a civilized community, there would be no need for having so many books and so many court officials, so many lawyers and so many judges and so many expert witnesses and so many everything that makes the whole business a mystic, musty maze. We would, instead, be endowed with more children's aid societies, boys clubs, settlement houses, gymnasiums, youth organizations, playgrounds, swimming pools and all the other requirements for the welfare of the young.

If you made it your business to delve into the complicated mystery of our laws, how different it would be. If you DEMANDED to know how much of your tax money is spent annually on the welfare of the juvenile, how different it would be. If you INSISTED that the laws were as they should be, how different it would be. What great strides forward we would take on behalf of the juvenile delinquent - or anyone else for that matter.



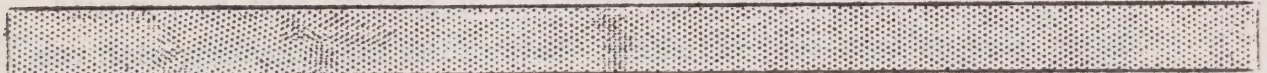
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But now, one man, being ignorant of the law, hires a lawyer, who all too often owes his prominence to political preferment rather than his profound knowledge of the law, to pursue another man, who, knowing no law, can defend himself only by hiring another lawyer. Then, after the whole thing is gone over with sufficient detail to prove to the judge that the law permits him to decide in favour of either litigant, he hands down his decision in accordance with the state of his own feelings or previous condition of political servitude.

Is it your Johnny? Well, perhaps not. Is it your law? Yes, indeed. And it is your privilege to amend that law. Think it over tonight when you tuck your Johnny into his snug little bed. Some other little Johnny will be lying in a strange bed wondering why your laws sent him to a reformatory. Some other little Johnny is planning to get even with you!

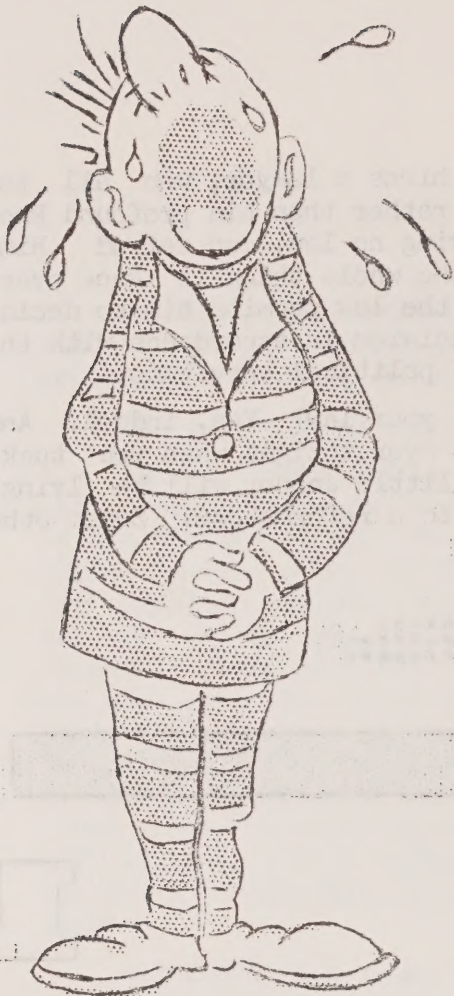


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There is something extremely sad when a legend dies. This fact was brought home by the recent death of Dizzy Dean - a man who retired when he was twenty seven years old. Yet, when he passed away at 63, his name was almost a household world when it came to baseball.

The greatest pitcher who ever lived? No, not by a long shot - but few will touch him as a human being. "Ol Diz" has "slud" into home for the last time but he has left behind a legacy that will never be filled.

THE CRYING CORNER

Well, here I am back for another month - and the tears haven't even dried from July.

I think it's about time someone dissected the Mandatory Parole System and showed why it is going to be, all ready is, a complete failure.

One of the big rewards of the penitentiary service for a working inmate is, in our vernacular, "good time"...more properly, remission of sentence. Suddenly, they take that away from us and replace it with Mandatory Parole.

Judging by the numbers of people coming back for violation of this parole, it would seem like the system lacks something. If you were working, in the free world, at a salary of \$150.00 per week and your boss took it back from you because you were late one day, you certainly wouldn't stay long on that job, would you?

They have tried several ways of replacing good time but, unfortunately, none work. They tried the T.L.A. but not everyone gets a pass - in fact, there are quite a few who never get one. Not only that, but if you got a pass of three days every month, you would only get seventy two days every two years. In two years you used to get over two hundred days in earned remission.

Since I have been here I have seen many men come back for violation of Mandatory Parole. The only way, to my way of thinking, that this type of parole could be violated is upon commission of another indictable offense while on parole. It does not work out that way.

Some are brought back and have their parole revoked for no more reason than a personality conflict between them and their parole officer. Under ordinary circumstances this would cause no great hardship but, in this case, the inmate has to be a loser - a loser of his remission which sometimes amounts to two or three years.

Some come back for "association". This means they are seen with some else with a criminal record. If this is a crime then everybody who speaks to me on the street should be treated as a criminal. This isn't treating you as a human being, nor is it showing any trust. Yet the very concept of rehabilitation is, so we are told, based on trust! If I cannot speak with people I have known for twenty years without being accused of plotting against society, then all of society must be paranoid.

Please give us back our remission. Never mind experimenting with our lives. We Are human beings, not guinea pigs

How would you feel if because you went drinking on a Friday night, I came along and took you away from your wife and family and locked you up for two or three years? Well, that's how we feel - bitter, resentful and discouraged.

We earn our good time - let us keep it!

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Not too long ago, just outside the North Gate, I had the handcuffs removed and the leg irons undone.

I was escorted through the gate - still an individual. A short time later I was on my way from the reception area. I was now a "fish" - except I didn't know what a fish was!

As any person would do in new surroundings, I tried to take everything in at once. The sun was shining, men were lying on the grass in a chic little yard, nicely fenced and bordered by flowers. They were enjoying the sun. The thought occurred to me, "I have to get a good job like that!". I didn't know that was the Hospital, that these were recuperating patients.

In "the other world", the word "bit" meant either something a dog did or something you drilled holes with. "Shaking time" should be connected with dancing. A "drum" was a percussion instrument. A "P.C." was a Progressive Conservative. I had a lot to learn.

So went my initiation into a very exclusive fraternity - its membership is restricted. As a matter of fact, there are only just over 9,000 charter members in all of Canada - give or take a few releases. The initiation costs take a terrible toll and admittance is by written invitation only - usually issued by the Supreme Court. Is it any wonder the members tend to congregate in one place and fraternize?

Expressions heard include "doing easy time" and "doing hard time". I believe it is an academic statement. There just is no such thing as easy time. There is hard time and there is damned hard time! Must this always be so?

We live in a self-contained community, a closely knit one

There also exists in here, the guards, some of whom are heard to say "We're here for life!" These persons live on the other side of the track, so to speak, in this case the bars.

The feeling a "fish" gets is that almost everyone in the community is anti-somebody. Must this always be so?

There is a universal law that can be applied to many things... from physics to psychology which states:

"For every action, there is a reaction."

Have you smiled at your keeper today?

(Anonymous)

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PLEASE, HEAR WHAT I'M NOT SAYING

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Don't be fooled by me.

Don't be fooled by the face I wear,

For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks,

Masks that I'm afraid to take off,

And none of them are me.

Pretending is an art that's second nature with me,

But don't be fooled, for God's sake don't be fooled.

I give you the impression that I'm secure,

That all is sunny and unruffled with me,

Within as well as without,

That confidence is my name and coolness my game,

That the water's calm and I'm in command,

And that I need no one.

But don't believe me.

Please.

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is a mask,

My ever-varying and ever-concealing mask.

Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency.

Beneath dwells the real me in confusion, in fear, in aloneness,

But I hide this.

I don't want anybody to know it.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and fear of being exposed,

That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind,

A nonchalant, sophisticated facade, to help me pretend,

To shield me from the glance that knows,

But such a glance is my salvation. My only salvation.

And I know it.

That is if it's followed by acceptance, if it's followed by love.

It's the only thing that can liberate me, from myself,

From my own self-built prison walls,

From the barriers that I so painstakingly erect.

It's the only thing that will assure me of what I cannot assure myself,

That I'm really worth something.

But I don't tell you this. I don't dare. I'm afraid to.

I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by acceptance and love.

I'm afraid you'll think less of me, that you'll laugh,

And your laugh would kill me.

I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm no good,

And that you will see this and reject me.

So I play my game, my desperate pretending game,

With a facade of assurance without, and the trembling child within.

And so begins the parade of masks.

And my life becomes a front.

I idly chatter to you in the suave tones of surface talk.

I tell you everything that's really nothing,

And nothing of what's everything, of what's crying within me.

So when I go through my routine, do not be fooled by what I am saying,

Please, listen carefully and try to hear what I'm NOT saying.

But what I can't say. I dislike hiding. Honestly.

I dislike the superficial game I'm playing, the superficial phoney game.

II

I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous - and me,
But you've got to help me.
You've got to hold out your hand,
Even when that's the last thing I seem to want, or need.
Only you can wipe away from eyes the blank stare of the breathing dead.
Only you can call me into aliveness.
Each time you're kind, and gentle and encouraging,
Each time you try to understand because you really care,
My heart begins to grow wings, very small wings,
Very feeble wings, but wings.
With your sensitivity and sympathy, and your power of understanding
You can breathe life into me. I want you to know that.
I want you to know how important you are to me, how you can be a
creator of the person that is me if you choose to!
Please choose to.
You alone can break down the wall behind which I tremble,
You alone can remove my mask, you alone can release me
From my shadow world of panic and uncertainty, from my lonely prison.
So do not pass me by. Please, do not pass me by.
It will not be easy for you. A long conviction of worthlessness
builds strong walls.
The nearer you approach to me, the blinder I may strike back.
It's irrational, but despite what the books may say about man,
I am irrational.
I fight against the very thing that I cry out for.
But I am told that -
Love is stronger than strong walls, and in this lies my hope.
My only hope.
Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands, but
with gentle hands.
For a child is very sensitive.
Who am I you may wonder? I am someone you know very well.
For I am every man you meet and I am every woman you meet!

(Anonymous)

HERE WE GO AGAIN!!

IT SEEMS, EACH MONTH, I FIND IT NECESSARY TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS
LITTLE MASTERPIECE OF LITERATURE BEING LATE. WHY STOP NOW?

ALTHOUGH EVERYTHING WAS READY TO GO BY THE FIFTH OF THE MONTH, I
HAD NO PAPER TO RUN WITH. I TRIED PAPER TOWELS, I TRIED EMERY CLOTH
AND I TRIED WHITE SWAN, ALL TO NO AVAIL. I JUST HAD TO COOL MY HEELS,
DO A LOT OF CURSING AND WAIT.

SORRY ABOUT THAT, FOLKS. NOW THE (GOOD/BAD) [please mark one] .
WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL, THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE SHOULD BE ALONG IN ABOUT TWO
WEEKS.

Bob

First of all, two of our main "contacts" were not with us.-----

[illegible][illegible]

With the help of Mr. Gventer, Classification Officer, a new system has been introduced wherein much of the load can be taken from these people.

[illegible]

Here's a few facts that, perhaps, some of you do not know about.

The chocolate bars given to the kid's ball teams on Civic Holiday were a donation from a Staff member to whom we offer our sincere thanks.

Seville Myers (Chairman) . . . John Cote (Member) . . . Jeff/ Jefferies (Secretary)



During the Spring and early summer months, an interested and progressive volunteer group came behind these walls two nights a week for a "rap session" with a few of the inmates.

Worked in conjunction with the Community Volunteer Bureau of Kingston and The John Howard Society, these meetings were something to look forward to each week by the inmates involved.

Our thanks to Claire Flanagan of the CVB for making the arrangements and a special thanks to the volunteers themselves.

Following is one volunteer's impressions and comments.

"As a former member of one of the two discussion groups sponsored by the John Howard Society, I was asked by your Editor to put down a few thoughts and feelings."

Describing the goals and accomplishments of the sessions is not easily done. Far easier to describe is what the groups, each made up of five volunteers from the outside and eight volunteers from the inside, were not.

For example, rumors had it we were a Bible-toting bunch out to convert the heathen. Not so! As a matter of fact, some of us are kind of heathenish ourselves.

Another rumor had it that we had seen the records of the inside volunteers before the group started. Again not true. We outsiders were all a little nervous at the beginning, probably more so because of the unknown. Anything we learned about our guys came from themselves during the group sessions. We also stressed that whatever was said during the meetings was discussed outside only in a most general way - and then only as an aid to improving the effectiveness of the group, not to rat on an individual. We were not information-collecting for anybody.

None of the outside volunteers were or are members of the John Howard Society.

Most of us had never met previously. We answered an ad for volunteers placed in the Whig-Standard by the Community Volunteer Bureau for the J.H.S.. We came from a variety of backgrounds, but well over half had some training in medicine or the social sciences. As a housewife, I was one of the exceptions.

Of course we were questioned on our motives by the inmates. We passed! Many of us were curious about the workings of a discussion group. Some were curious about the pen, the penal system and the inmates themselves. We all like to communicate our ideas and feelings, are open to new ideas, and are interested in how others think... We came for, among other things, an education - and we got it.

Our groups were not designed as a social outlet, although we enjoyed ourselves. Some of the other institutions allow local square Johns and Janes in for a social chit chat over coffee and doughnuts - sort of a booze free cocktail hour, where the inmates do most of the talking. But ours were discussion groups - and discuss we did, one topic an evening with our topics ranging from police and courts to marr-

riage and family life. We agreed to stick to the one subject for a ninety minute period, and we tried to avoid having more than one person speak at once. We were moderately successful in both aims.



Although each of the 26 participants probably felt frustrated, exasperated, bored and occasionally even angry during the sessions, for the most part the meetings were informative and rather fun. As one insider in our Thursday group pointed out, "It sure beats 'Beat The Clock'", one of the few alternatives you insiders have on balmy summer evenings. The sessions are therapeutic in that they provided a change for all of us and helped relieve tension through laughter and heated debate, but please don't confuse our group sessions with group therapy. They were simply discussions - no more than that.

But no matter how much or little we did accomplish there are ten outsiders in the Kingston area who met and liked sixteen insiders. We ten will continue to wonder about them now and then, and are especially concerned about these men's futures. We wish them the best of luck (in all legal activities) and will remember them for a very long time. The hardest part was saying goodbye.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Although I had no actual participation in any of these meetings, I did manage to speak with many of the "outsiders". I also spoke with most of my wall-bound cohorts. I have heard nothing but praise and a feeling of satisfaction from both sides.

I sincerely hope Tani's parting remark, "the hardest part was saying goodbye" is not factual. It is my hope that this obviously worthwhile project will be soon continued on an expanded basis.

How we think about a subject at any given minute depends on what has happened to us between the time of birth up until this minute - a conditioning caused by our environment.... people we've talked to, things we've seen, material we have, or have not, read, etc.. For example, how we regard the "Law" (our attitudes) often determines whether we are on the inside like yourselves, or on the outside (note I said often, not always). If I say to you "I respect and obey the law because", we have a discussion going. We have stated our positions and now it is only human for each to try to influence the other to their own way of thinking. It may and usually does end in a deadlock, but in the course of the discussion, the other sides of an issue have been heard.

This can be surprisingly important for an "insider". Despite access to newspapers and other news media it is the loudest and most persuasive talkers on the range whose views often prevail. Hearing them often enough can color the opinion of even the most level headed guy, sometimes without him realizing it, sometimes as a survival tactic for safe existence on the inside. Perhaps we helped our guys retain their ability to think for themselves instead of falling in line behind those who feel contempt for anyone with attitudes and feelings which differ from their own.

Tani Dawes

Bob

This month's sporting activities, and report, should be a masterpiece. It is the combined effort of three of the most stagnated minds in captivity - Mickey, Jack and Bob (I'm the good looking one!)



Time Out

Monday, August 5th. provided us with the opportunity to see some fine baseball as two Little League Teams in the 12 - 14 year bracket came in to play, and what I mean is, they really came to play.

The Wolfe Island Sacred Heart organization squared off against a pool team of the Church Athletic League in a nine inning affair - won by Sacred Heart 6 to 5. The score or the team with the most runs is academic.

The pitching on both teams was a little on the far side of superb; the infield and outfield played like pro's and each and every man played heads up ball all the way. Good sportsmanship, coupled with the will to win is always a delight to see and it was in much evidence here.

We really appreciated this game and would very much like to see more in the future (the near future, that is!). It's great to watch the young sportsmanship and listen to the very sincere words of encouragement. "From

the mouths of babes, etc..."

Many thanks to the players, managers and coaches, and the Administration for making this day possible. We need the sound of laughter from the young more often. Let's do it again.

As this particular segment will be almost of an editorial leaning, and everyone may not agree with it, let me state that it is the opinion of your effervescent editor.

We have had an All Star team, of the fastball variety, for almost two and a half months. During that period of time they have played exactly ONE GAME!

I have no idea of where any or all of the blame should be placed in this matter, but it seems like such a display of indifference.

Sports should be THE thing here. We have very little else but someone is not doing their job!

"BLUEPRINT FOR A BOY"R
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This is the way a boy is built -
 A regular boy with fists atilt.
 He's a fusion of flier, frontiersman, marine,
 With the wail of a siren on a fire bound machine;
 A traditional David with hand on a stone,
 A temper of strays with lure of a bone;
 A tightrope walker on top of a fence;
 A barbarous chieftan from buffalo tents.
 Bravest in battle, but living in dread
 Of a merciless mother soaping his head.
 He's a mingling of bedlam, of moonbeams and sun,
 A thoroughbred, reined in and ready to run.
 An aristocrat leveled by leaven of soil,
 With a trick of dissolving at mention of toil.
 A mixture of worry, of comfort, of bother,
 Of love for his mother, of faith in his father.
 He's a welding of rebel in need of a rod
 With an innocent angel speaking to God.
 Praise be to parents who hue to the line
 And pattern their boy to a standard design;
 And God pity parents who bungle the plan,
 For this is the method of making a man.

Louis J. Sanker



No, Lefty - you didn't have to come down here just to get CHANGING TIMES!

You could have had it delivered right to your front door for two dollars a year!

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